Soliloquy in 1950.

I know my husband really tries
A pleasant home to make,
But he can't seem to make such pies
As father used to bake.

He keeps the parlors very neat;
Cares for the baby, too—
But, oh, he doesn't roast the meat
As papa used to do.

He has good taste in cutting out
And sewing his own clothes,
That means economy, no doubt—
But father's cooking goes!

I really must insist that Jake
Shall seek a cooking school
And learn to make such pies and cake
As father does, by rule.

And then how proud and glad I'll be
When ma brings father here,
To hear her say, "It's plain to see
Jacob can cook, my dear."
—New Orleans Picayune.

System of Housekeeping

Domestic Finance Now on Basis of Scientific Business.

In the slow days of the old-fashioned woman the housekeeper was obliged to go to her husband and ask for money to defray the domestic expenses piece by piece. If he was a very decent sort of man she received the amount and perhaps a little bit more. When she wanted spending money for herself she asked him for that, and if he was a disagreeable person he would say: "Where is that 25 cents I gave you over a week ago?"

But, whether he was generous or ungenerous, he held the purse by a general if unwritten law, and he thought it was all right, while it made no sort of difference what she thought. He suffered himself in a way without knowing it. No woman was going to tease her husband for money to buy him delightfully surprising presents, even at Christmas time, and so it happened that he was at fault for the bargain-counter gifts that, so it is said, he used to receive.

However, the business woman who marries has revolutionized matters and has thought out solutions that are far ahead of even the allowance plan. In one household it is down to a fine system. In this case it happens that the wife has a small but sure income of her own, while the man has a sure and comfortably large salary. As things used to be managed, the woman's income would have been her spending money, but this is the way they have done: The total income is pooled and then divided into two equal parts, so that they may share and share alike. Then, as the next step, a family purse has been established, for which both are equally taxed. When the funds in the family purse begin to run low each member of the firm puts in $5 or $10 or more and then uses the rest of the dividend fund for personal bills till the time of the next taxation.

When it is necessary to give a united present to anyone, out of the family purse comes the money to buy it. If the family wishes to go to the theatre the family purse has to pay that bill. Everything is systematized as only the new woman knows how to systematize it and in a manner to which no one but the new woman and the new woman's husband would ever submit. Perhaps he at times chafes under the inflexible and unbending rule and longs for a little less mathematical precision, and perhaps he would even breathe a sigh of relief if he were allowed to go to other extremes from the rule of the past and be put on an allowance himself.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Fortunate American Woman.

Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann, who has been visiting this country on a mission of philanthropy, and who is known to a number of women in Philadelphia, which was included in her tour, congratulates the American woman on the superior advantages she enjoys.

These advantages, she says, consist mainly in the independence which is allowed her, and which is backed up by the natural independent American character. She is not and ought not to be tied up by conventionalities. If she is so it is un-American, and the style does not fit her. Secondly, her education gives her every opportunity to acquire as much knowledge as she chooses, and there is no barrier drawn between her knowledge and the knowledge of men. Thirdly, in busy America the wives and daughters are not incumbered with lazy husbands, who become pettish out of lack of occupation, and therefore tire of their family life. The hard-working American men enjoy the few leisure hours they have with their families, and that makes them think highly of their wives and daughters, thus giving the woman the superior position that ought to be hers.

"I must needs pay an admiring tribute to a special kind of American woman, who is so American that she is not to be found across the Atlantic," she continues. "I mean the girl or woman who by circumstances has to take the battle of life on her shoulders and be her own or her family's bread-winner. Here the advantage the American woman has through her position and education shines forth in its best light. In circumstances under which most European women would have to bow helplessly their heads and to succumb, the American woman bravely takes up the battle of life, fights it, and wins it. And often just this battle tends to unfold and ennoble her character. What bright, noble-minded, and energetic women have I, for example, not found among the ladies of the press, in business, or in business offices?"—Philadelphia Times.

Future Empress of Japan.

Princess Sada, to whom the young Emperor of Japan is betrothed, is a cousin of her royal fiance, and has just completed her fifteenth year. Until her engagement was announced she was a pupil at the Nobility Girl School, in Tokio. She is now receiving private instruction in her own home. She is described as having many personal attractions, added to a robust physique. The Princess speaks English, German, and French. She is allowed 1,250,000 yen for her trousseau, which is proceeding apace. Not only beautiful garments and artistic furniture are requirements, but an abundance of jewelry is one of the prime necessities.

It is said that the wedding will occur in the present month.—New York Tribune.

The Cake He Wanted.

"I'm going to get married," said he, as he placed a hand as large as a Dutch cheese upon the counter, "and I want a wedding cake."

"It is customary nowadays," said the pretty confectioner's assistant, "to have the materials of the cake harmonize with the calling of the bridegroom. For a musician, now, we have an oat cake; for a man who has no calling and lives upon his friends, the sponge cake; for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake, and so on. What is your calling, please?"

"I'm a pugilist!"

"Then you'll want a pound cake."—Tit-Bits.

Short of Material.

A little 3-year-old boy in North Columbus a few days ago stood by his mother's knee gazing at his baby brother, a few weeks old.

"Mamma," he asked, "did God make this little baby?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did God put on his ears?"

"Certainly."

"And make his eyes?"

"Yes."

"Well, mamma," after a moment's silence, "couldn't God spare no more hair?"—Ohio State Journal.

"What is a grass widow?"

"She's a woman whose husband gets a divorce because she makes him run the lawn mower."—Chicago Record.

"How do you think I am coming along in my singing?"
"Howling success."

Life.

One says that life's a game of whist,
Where players bold and players shy
Make diamonds trumps down all the list
Of hands, howe'er the deal go by;
The schemer wins, they say, but I
Care not a deuce for long suit arts.
A fig for knavish bowers! Why,
I find life but a game of Hearts.

"Life's poker," others will insist.
"It matters not how you may try,
Knowledge and skill are never missed—
Luck and a bluff are the things." A lie!
A word, a look, a smile, a sigh,
Will win a jackpot. Cupid's darts
Make all the chips. But poker? Fie!
I find life but a game of Hearts.

Old Omar called it chess, but hist!
He found it simpler, by the by,
When maidens wanted to be kissed,
Or ardent eyes cajoled reply.
Why any more the fact deny?
Though each man plays a thousand parts,
Yet each is moulded by one die:
I find life but a game of Hearts.

Princess, though pessimists decry
Love's wound because, forsooth, it smarts,
Heed thou them not; though stakes be high,
I find life but a game of Hearts.
—Philadelphia Press.

Decorations for the Table

The latest Parisian idea in table decorations, we are told, is a chain of orchids with links formed of smilax. The flowers are laid on the damask cloth encircling the dessert dishes and candlesticks and they form an uncommonly effective flat decoration, which is by many considered the correct form for dinner table ornamentation. When less costly decorations are desired violets mixed with ivy leaves and a few moss covered twigs make an exceedingly artistic combination, particularly in the winter when flowers are limited in variety. In contrast to the flat style the violets are arranged in Venetian glass bowls on a mat of pale mauve brocade and if some chrysanthemums in tall vases of Venetian glass are interspersed the effect is beautiful. A new way of adorning the table and one which has met with much favor is to place in front of each guest a little basket made of silver, crystal or china, filled with flowers. In the center of the table is a silver trimmed mirror, on which are arranged plates of bonbons surrounded by garlands of flowers. For every day use the well cared for pot of ferns set in a pretty silver receptacle is satisfactory to many housewives and is a style of table adornment that is constantly increasing in popularity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Knit All Their Lives.

Women of the Shetland Isles and Their Unflagging Labor.

All the women at Shetland knit. They learn the art in early childhood, and continue it all through their lives. The wool used for their knitting is grown on the islands, and is carded and spun by the people themselves. Machinery they have not, except the primitive spinning wheel. Many of the most elaborate shawls have taken months to make, and some even years, so that a very fine shawl may be worth as much as $150 to $200. Most of the knitting is, however, of the more homely and serviceable kind, and may be bought from the women themselves for a moderate price.

The manner in which the washing of knit shawls is accomplished in Shetland is a matter of interest to most visitors. They are washed carefully in soap lather, and then to prevent their shrinking, they are laced from point to point of the scalloped border in a large square wooden frame, and placed outside the cottage to dry.—Exchange.

Proof of the Pudding.

Husband—Our neighbor across the way has been trying for the last hour to convince me that the woman of to-day is losing her sweetness and simplicity, turning her household duties over to her husband, and becoming masculine and self assertive.

Wife—Here! Just hold the baby while I go across the way and convince the old fool in about five minutes that he doesn't know what he's talking about.—Brooklyn Life.

The Father's Happy Thought.

Old Farmer to his Son—"Now don't fergit while ye're in the city to git some uv them 'leetric light plants we heern so much about. We kin jis' ez well raise 'em ourselves an' save kerosene."—Woman's Journal.

She Was Appalled.

"We are here to-day and gone to-morrow," quoted Mr. Linger at 10 o'clock P. M., or thereabout.

Thereupon Miss Gazzam was aghast.

"You don't intend to stay that long, surely?"—Detroit Free Press.

Almost Too Much.

"You are my ideal," he said earnestly; "the only girl I ever loved, the only girl I ever could love. No other could possibly fill the void in my heart."

"And if you never had met me, George," she asked, anxiously, "would you never have cared for any girl at all?"—Chicago Post.

Identifying Her.

"I've just had the most ridiculous experience," said the Bright Girl to her chum yesterday, "but I'm afraid there's a dignified gentleman in a bank down-town who didn't think it was more than half funny.

"I was going down Charles street this morning when I met a friend of mine, a girl from one of the lower counties.

"'How d'ye do?' she said, in rather a melancholy way for her; 'come here and listen to my tale of woe.' Of course, I went, and she told, miserably, that she had come up to town to do lot of shopping, but that when she went to the bank to have the check cashed her father had given her she found she would have to be identified before she could get the money. 'And I hardly know a soul in town,' she finished, desperately.

"'What bank is it?' I asked.

"As soon as she told me, 'Oh,' said I, gaily, 'consider your troubles at an end, for my magnificent fortune is deposited there, and they know me. I'll identify you'—this with a grand air.

"So off we went, chattering like magpies, for we had agreed to have a little luncheon once we had the money safely in our clutches. Well, you know, if there is one thing I just can't remember it's names. I forget my own sometimes, and no sooner had we entered the doors of the big place and I saw all the men looking out of the little barred windows at us and heard the quiet—you know it's so quiet you can positively hear it—than I got rattled.

"'I want to introduce my friend, Miss—er—Miss—er—,' I said weakly to the paying teller, but I couldn't go any further, for I'd forgotten her name entirely. And there that girl stood like an idiot and never helped me out a bit. Perhaps she thought it would ruin her chances of getting the money if she did.

"Finally, in desperation, 'What is your name, anyhow, Nan?' I asked, and, 'White,' she responded demurely.

"Then we both giggled and the grave gentleman counted out the money and gave it to us without the vestige of a smile. Whereupon we came away without being arrested and thrown into prison, which we both feared would be our portion for taking such a liberty with Uncle Sam's banking system."—Baltimore News.

No Trouble at All.

Miss Chamberlayne—What does your father, the baron, call his estate on the Rhine?

Herr Von Griff—It was named by mine grossfader der castle of Schneiderblitzenschonenberghenhausen.

Miss Chamberlayne—Thank you; I'm awfully sorry to have troubled you.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Chat With Paderewski

In Harper's Bazar of a recent date there is the following interview between a young music teacher and Paderewski:

"In my opinion," said Mr. Paderewski, "every child should be taught the piano. I know that it is considered an open question nowadays as to whether it is worth while for a child to study music unless it shows special aptitude in that direction. It is not now unusual to find young women in society totally ignorant of the piano; but, to my mind, general culture demands that every civilized person should be acquainted with all the manifestations of culture. The only way to comprehend art is to have some knowledge of art. As the piano is the best instrument to show all species of music, every child should study it."

"I am often asked," said the little music teacher, anxiously, "at about what age a child should begin to receive instructions on the piano. What is your opinion on the matter?"

"I should say from eight to ten years of age," answered Mr. Paderewski. "It all depends upon the condition of health and natural gifts of the child."

"As to the length of time to be devoted to practice," he continued, "for those who treat music as an additional subject of general education, one hour and a half to two hours daily is usually sufficient. For children I should recommend several periods of practice a day, each of about a half-hour duration. Young students should never be allowed to practice over an hour at one time, as the fatigue attending prolonged exercise of this kind is apt to counterbalance any good attained. The two hours' daily practice can easily be divided into two, three, or even four periods.

"Advanced students should devote at least three hours a day to practice.

"The first thing to be learned is the elementary study of theory.

"The time at which a child may take its first 'piece,' as it is commonly called," continued Mr. Paderewski, smiling quizzically, "depends entirely upon the pupil's aptitude and zeal. The teacher must be the best judge of that.

"A great deal of attention should be given to memorizing, and it should be begun as soon as possible."

"Mr Paderewski," began his young friend, rather hesitatingly, "so much is said nowadays in regard to the position of the hand when playing, and so many persons differ concerning the matter of finger or arm force—will you tell me what you think about these things?"

"My dear child," answered Mr. Paderewski, kindly, "keep your wrist low when playing and raise the fingers high. It is necessary to use power both in the fingers and arms.

"A great deal is said about this or that method," he continued, "but, according to my way of thinking, a good teacher is the best method to take in order to play the piano.

"Those students who wish to make a profession of music should by all means master the theory of harmony and composition.

"But, my friend," said the great pianist, earnestly, "always remember that perfect technique, necessary and wonderful as it is, does not constitute a musician. Technique is the mechanical understanding of the instrument, by which the most difficult composition may be performed smoothly, with speed and power; but unless innate sympathy is in the performer, and he has the ability to show it by his touch and the tone he produces, he will forever be unable to move the listener, or, in a word, to become en rapport with his audience.

"Technique may be attained by hard work. Touch is born in the artist."

A Washington Fad.

I am told that the new fashion in visiting cards which several women in Washington are already following was set by the wife of a minister from one of the South American countries. It is so unlike what we have been accustomed to that I doubt if it will ever be generally adopted, but it serves to illustrate the simplicity and lack of affectation for which the diplomatist's wife has always been noted. Her card bears merely her name and her address. There is no prefix of "Mrs." or "Senora" or "Madame." Nothing but the same name she signs to her letters. It is engraved, not in the Roman characters which have been somewhat widely adopted since they came into fashion five years ago, but in the old-fashioned script that conservative people have always clung to. There have always been plenty of men who had no prefix or title on their cards, but until the South American diplomatist's wife began it, I do not remember ever to have seen a woman's card without the prefix which tells whether she be married or not.—Washington Post.

A Bandanna Tea.

A bandanna tea is a popular form of entertainment nowadays for a club afternoon or a simple sale for some charity. The drawing-room or church parlor where it may be held is decorated with bandannas and a programme of southern melodies and recitations is given at intervals. One of the several popular impersonators of plantation music may be engaged if desired, and if there is not enough amateur talent to carry out the entertainment. The refreshments served in the case of a simple tea are merely the rich black and silvery white cake of the South, the waitresses wearing bandannas tied in the fashion of the old plantation mammies. The napkins or little finger rolls, if these are passed, may be held by a narrow band and a bow of bandanna cloth. If it is desired to make it a sale, the bandannas in plain squares or mounted on sofa pillows, or made into bags, candle-shades, and various other manifestations may be on sale. A candy table also applying the bandanna idea may be arranged in further development of the scheme.—New York Post.

Point of View.

This is a man's world.

While the rain may fall on the just and the unjust alike, it is a woman who hunts up the umbrellas, cleans the overshoes, and comes to an untimely end from damp and draggled petticoats. Nature discriminates against woman in the very action of the elements. In the achievements of human invention which makes the greatness of the world, man gets what he wants; woman takes what she can get.

Apropos of this is a dining-car in process of construction for use on Chicago street railways. This is to be run on the buffet plan, as a trailer to electric-motor cars. One car will seat twenty persons, and the fare will be five cents extra for ordinary trips. There will be a conductor and a porter, who will do the cooking by electricity. It is designed directly for the convenience of men who still must eat and, under the exigencies of life in Chicago, haven't time. The chief problem of life in Chicago is to escape from the bondage of time and keep going. The buffet street-car answers a crying need, not only in Chicago, but the whole United States—Philadelphia, perhaps, excepted. To dress in the morning and not to stop for breakfast, but eat it shooting toward his office; to take his luncheon whizzing along to keep an appointment at the bank uptown; to eat his dinner on the way to the theatre, and his after-theatre supper on his way going home—what man may not "get on in life" under the providence of an invention like that?

None, to be sure, but there'll soon be no homes. There'll soon be no women. If men never came home to meals women would never have any. When a husband telephones that he will stop down-town to dinner, a good wife at once tells the cook to keep the roast till next day and make tea. When the husband is out of town for a week the good wife saves enough on meals to get a new bonnet or something pretty for the house to surprise him when he comes back. Women generally eat to keep men company rather than to satisfy the creature in themselves.

Oh, yes, there are advanced bachelor women nowadays who eat anyhow. But what of that? Such women invariably come to a sudden end—die of apoplexy or get married.

This is a man's world from the beginning and forever, and if street dining-cars have combined with chafing dishes to render the domestic women superfluous, an Eveless Eden—that's what the millennium will be.—Flora McDonald Thompson, in Harper's Bazar.

Man's Ideal Woman

Is a Composite Type of Becky and Amelia.

A woman, writing of man's ideal woman, says she need not have beauty, but she must have charm and she must be lovable. She should be sympathetic, because she can then divine and forgive. She must have humor or she might forget to laugh at his jokes, or, worse still, laugh in the wrong place when he tells his pet stories. She must not be too clever, but she must not be limp or characterless. She must be feminine and have good, old-fashioned, religious ideas of what is right and what is wrong. To sum up, the woman who writes says: "Clever, spirited, animated women often express a laughing contempt for the traditional ideal of man—the sweet, soft, clinging, affectionate type—and it is true that these qualities often appeal to a man from their very unlikeness to his own. This was the type which Thackeray lauded to the skies, rushing to the other extreme in creating Becky Sharp as his idea of a 'clever woman.' The truth is that a really charming woman is a cunning compound of Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp. Either of these types without any admixture of the other would be quite insupportable."

Yet we manage to support them very well in the book.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

No Fruit in Manila.

"Another deprivation that must always be sadly felt," writes an American woman in Manila, "is the lack of fresh fruit and sweet milk. There is not such a thing as a berry of any sort, cherry or any small fruit. The insipid banana, the mango apple and mango stems are plentiful, it is true, and in the way of vegetables lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and a poor quality of sweet corn may be had, and, as a matter of course, anything and everything that is canned, but what woman who herself puts up her own fruit, or supervises it, will eat tinned abominations or is willing to use condensed milk? Nearly all tales of foreign countries leave one in the same frame of mind that characterized the Scotchman from Peebles, who, after visiting Glasgow and Edinburgh, said: 'They may be gran', yon cities; I dinna doot it—but Peebles for me!'"—New York Tribune.

In order to increase the durability of gas globes, which every housekeeper knows breaks on the slightest provocation, the method that has long proved efficient with regard to lamp chimneys is recommended, namely, to put them in a pan, cover with cold water and set the pan on the fire until the water boils. The pan should be removed from the stove and the globes allowed to remain in the water until it becomes cold.

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY GIRL.

"First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of her countrymen."

NATURALLY.

Helen Blazer—"They say that fellow Snyder is a diamond in the rough."
Constance Wynnes—"Well, I cut him last night."

Her Mother.

I cannot think of her as one of His
Exquisite angels, fair and very wise
In all the many ways of perfect bliss,
Treading the flowered fields of Paradise.

Nay, she is still the little child that knew
No thing beyond my arm's warm tenderness,
That spoke no word, my little child who drew
My love by very strength of helplessness.

Lord, when before the doorway of Thy house,
A timid, new-born soul, I, trembling, stand,
Let her not come with glory on her brows,
A fair, strong angel bearing Thy command;

But let mine own, my child, look up at me
With the same eyes that need me, crave me, and
Draw me across Thy threshold tenderly
With her own hand—her little, tender hand.
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

Reading the List.

Mother Must Not See the Paper Until He Had Looked.

The newsroom was very full. Work people curtailed their dinner hour, and even children going home from school looked in to see the latest telegrams.

Presently in came a small boy in sailor suit and muffin cap set well back on his head—so small was he that any attempt to read the newspapers on the high wooden stands was out of the question. He paused in the centre of the room, eagerly scanning the faces of the many readers as though trying to solve a difficult problem.

Presently he trotted up to a tall man absorbed in the war telegrams. The child pulled him by the coat; then in a high whisper, "Will you lift me up? I wants to see the list for mother."

The concentrated gaze of all the readers focussed upon the tall man as he lifted the little lad in his arms. The child evidently could read, for his quick light eyes followed his stubby little forefinger as it travelled line by line down the long broken column of names.

The finger lifted, he gave a little wriggle in the tall man's arms, exclaiming, joyfully, "No! 'e ain't there!" and we felt that "'e" belonged to every one of us.

"Mother won't never buy no paper till I bin and looked, for fear 'er should see it suddint-like. Thank you, sir!"—London Academy.

How to Wear a Dotted Veil.

"Here is a new veil for you, Annie!" exclaimed a well preserved, good looking, middle-aged woman to her niece, throwing her a filmy bit of the fashionable gauze covered with occasional large spots, which are just now so much in vogue. "Perhaps you can manage these coquettish dots, which are so apt to slip, giving one an unnatural scowl, knocking out a front tooth, or accentuating in a ridiculous manner the end of one's nose. I must confess that at my age I object to running any risk of being made ridiculous.

"I bought this veil yesterday, thinking that with my white hair it would look quite chic. I put it carefully on before the glass, getting every spot in a becoming place, and then went to Mrs. A.'s luncheon. Of course, I had to push up my veil to eat, and afterward pulled it down and I thought no more about it. From the luncheon I went on to make some calls, and ended the afternoon by attending several 'at homes.' Taking it all in all, I saw every one I knew. When I reached home I went up to the library fire, and, as I have a habit of doing, I rested my foot on the fender to warm it, and examined my appearance in the mirror above the mantel, smiling as I did so at some remark of your cousin, who was in the room. Well, I assure you I started back in momentary fright! Not only was one tooth apparently gone, as I have said (the black spot giving the exact semblance of a hole), but another spot covered the white of one side of an eye, so that the result was to make me look quite cross-eyed. The illusion was so apparent that when I turned to Nelly, saying, tragically, 'Look at the effect of your coquettish dots!' she went off into shrieks of laughter, and on my offering to give it to her she refused, saying that since I had shown her the possible results she would not dare to wear it. I thought it my duty to warn you, but perhaps you can manage to fasten it in the place it should stay, in which case the big black dots will be really most becoming."—New York Tribune.